



## Francis Monk

**T**he late evening is my favourite time of the day. On this one particular evening I was walking alongside the river's edge. The sun had pretty much disappeared.

I saw it long before it saw me. I had chance to really study it. Of course I couldn't believe my eyes!

When it finally turned to look at me it glared with its **BIG, BULGING EYES**. They were **BRIGHT YELLOW**.

It was **VERY TALL**. Oh gosh it was tall. Such **LONG AND SPINDLY LEGS**.

It had a strangely **POINTED NOSE**, and its hands were more like **PAWS WITH VERY LONG NAILS**. I froze, but it seemed more afraid than I and just walked away. It wasn't running. At least I don't think it was, but it had such a very long stride.

I'm sure it had a **SMALL TAIL**, but I couldn't quite tell. I never saw it again.

